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TIME TO GO.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
To field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.

The pale anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night;
The violets tie their purple nightcaps tight;
Hand in hand, the dancing columbines,
In bittersome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The meadow lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides it 'neath the grasses' lengthening green,
Fair and serene.

Her sister lily floats
On the blue pond and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies.
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose

In the cool depths below.
A little later, and the asters blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While golden rod, still wide away and gay,
Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasols,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
No little seeding voice is heard to grieve
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingering dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true
That His sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

For many a long year I have carried it close locked within my heart, till it has seared both heart and brain. After begging and praying for a week they have at last allowed me pen and ink; here on this untouched white paper I can tell it all. Alice Walton was my first and only intimate friend. We were fast friends from the beginning, for she was of a sweet, guileless and clinging nature. I was naturally secretive, strong, self-reliant, and somewhat disposed to dominate those with whom I was brought in contact.

My friendship for Alice surprised myself quite as much as any one else, and I was quite as much at a loss to understand it.

Alice Walton was like a lily—fair, slender and lovely, with dovelike eyes, and hair like corn silk. I was as dark as a Spanish girl, with hair like midnight, and lustrous black eyes; and many an admirer has told me in the days of my prime that no Spanish girl could compete with my beauty or with my grace. But they were not beyond the competition of one fair girl, and she won, right under my fine eyes and in the face of my rich southern beauty, the only man whose love I craved—the one heart for which I would so gladly have exchanged my own.

When we finally said "good-bye" to school I made an express stipulation that Alice should come and stay a month with me, after she had first returned home and remained a week with her own friends. I counted the days till she came, for I really loved the girl, and longed to share with her, as a friend, a new and delicious joy which she had never known. A far-off cousin of my mother—so far as to be no relation at all—had come in my absence to spend the summer with us. Of course I had heard of him in my letters from home, and was somewhat disappointed at the prospect of having him there during Alice's stay, for hearing him always referred to as mother's cousin of course, I fancied him old and gray haired.

My satisfaction equaled my surprise when, on meeting Arthur Godfrey, I found him to be a young man of twenty-five, handsome, accomplished, gay, good humored—in short, my ideal of an elegant, well bred and refined gentleman. I was pleased enough then to call him cousin; and as I learned to know him better, more than pleased to remember that he was only a cousin by courtesy. I loved Arthur Godfrey. I believed I loved him from the first, although I did not then understand my own feelings; and I had but little doubt but what he responded to the feeling.

He was more than kind and gentle in his manner. Besides an affectionate regard for me, I thought I detected in his manner a certain deference which to my mind, indicated the tender devotion of a lover. I knew he had never cared for any woman before he met me, and I knew that I was beautiful—what woman is unconscious of her own charms? And so I felt justified in believing that Arthur cared for me, although no word of love had yet passed between us.

I told Alice nothing of this. I reserved my innocent triumph to be given in confidence during our first evening together; and, though I would have preferred to present Arthur as my affianced lover, which I almost regarded him as being, I quite intended to confess to her frankly the love for him which I had scarcely confessed to myself.

Alice was a week later than she had promised, and came unexpectedly when she did come, arriving the day before that on which she had told us she was coming. There was no one to meet her at the station; but she had been such a favorite on her previous visits that she was known to all the neighborhood, and a neighbor, who had by chance been at the station when she arrived, brought her over to us. The first I knew of her arrival was when she ran up to me where I sat with Arthur, listening while he read Tennyson in that fine, rich voice that had become the sweetest music of my life. She flung her arms about my neck and embraced and kissed me with child-like enthusiasm. I then turned to introduce her to Arthur.

He had risen and stood gazing on her with a face illuminated with admiration—such an expression as he had never turned on me in what I thought his most fervent moments of devotion. I turned cold all over, and I felt that the color had left my face; but I struggled to retain my composure and presented them to each other. Then I turned to look again more closely at Alice.

Her gaze met his with a sweet frankness that half reflected his admiration, and the pink in her cheeks deepened to a blush.

They would love each other—they did already. I saw it and felt it then, as well as when I finally knew it by stronger passionate and ardent words; and already the dark fires of jealousy consumed my soul. I helped Alice unpack her trunk and sort her things and fold them away in the bureau drawers, or hang them up in the closet, as required; but I spoke no word of the tender confession of my love for Arthur, which I had been so longing to tell her of—neither then nor any time. I never spoke of it.

The days glided by fast enough, though to misery they often drag. But my heart and brain were on fire, my thoughts flew wildly in every direction, and were so constant that I seemed always busy.

One evening in the twilight, before the lights were brought in, I sat sad and wretched in our great long parlor, in a deep armchair in a corner of the room besides being concealed in the gloom, when Arthur and Alice entered from the garden, where they had been walking among the roses for the past hour. I was too listless and miserable—besides being horribly jealous—to care whether I played the eavesdropper or not; so I kept quite still, although I knew that I would be the listener to a lover's *tete-a-tete*.

"But, Arthur," said Alice, apparently continuing a conversation, "I thought when I saw you two together, that first day when I came, that you and Evelyn were lovers."

"We have never been so, my darling. You are my first and only love."

I think he drew her toward him then, and kissed her. Of course he did, though I could not see them, for my chair was turned from them and I dared not move. Presently Alice spoke again:

"Of course it is fortunate for me, Arthur, dear, that you should prefer my poor beauty to Evelyn's, but you know I can scarcely understand any man knowing her well and seeing her constantly without falling in love with her."

"Well, sweetheart, if I had ever known her well enough not to feel afraid of her, and grown accustomed to her style of beauty, perhaps it is just possible I might have fallen in love with her if I had never seen you, my darling."

The blood seemed to rush back upon my heart and then surge up into my brain; there was a singing in my ears, and I heard no more.

When I returned to consciousness of what was going on about me, they were gone; but I had heard enough—too much!

Till those last words of Arthur's, I had tried to bear my misery bravely in dumb despair. I had persuaded myself not only that he had not loved me but never could have loved me; that Alice was the only one he ever could have loved at all, and so I must try to bear my anguish and my disappointment as best I could—but now! Those words from him let loose a fury in me! Had he never seen her he might have loved me—his own lips had said it. Heaven knows what wild and monstrous thoughts pursued each other though my frenzied brain then. I had not hated her till now, but I hated her from that moment—wished her dead, and would have laughed and rejoiced to see her die!

The moon had risen and was flooding all the world outside in silvery light, when Alice came into the room, and approaching me gayly, cried:

"Do come down to the lake. We might have a lovely row by moonlight, for I promised not to go to bed till Arthur came back—so I could say good-night again," she added, blushing brightly. "He has gone to the town with your brother. They must be back soon, but we might have time for a row on the lake before they arrive—do come."

I rose without a word, wound the scarlet scarf on the back of my chair about my head and neck, and prepared to accompany her.

The lake was less than ten minutes' walk from the house and all the way there Alice kept up such a run of careless talk that, in the exuberance of her spirits, she didn't notice that I had scarcely spoken at all. When we had launched the little boat and jumped into her, of course I did all the rowing, for the delicate snowflakes of hands that held Alice's oars merely toyed with their work. But I bent to mine with a will, and being strong and muscular, although only a slight girl, we were soon far out on the water. We were nearly half way across when Alice said, suddenly, after some minutes' silence:

"Evelyn, do you know the people about here say this lake is bottomless just half way across? Isn't it absurd—a little lake like this?"

"Yes, but it's terribly deep and we are directly over the spot now which the country folks declare goes right through to the other side of the world."

"How perfectly ridiculous—just as if that was possible. But don't lean over in that way, Evelyn. If you upset the boat the lake is deep enough to drown us, even if it doesn't go quite to the other side of the world."

"What nonsense, Alice. When I bathe here I often swim as far out as this and back again just for exercise."

"Very likely, my fair Amazon; but as I can't swim, I prefer not to take my bath so far away from shore—ah!"

A loud shriek from Alice as I bent still further over, and in the next moment we were struggling in the water, and the boat floated from us, bottom upward. I thought for one moment I saw the white face of Alice above the water, but in the next instant it was gone, and though I think I regretted my act as soon as it was accomplished, I could do nothing to save her. But I shrieked for help.

My brother and Arthur, who had just arrived at the edge of the lake, plunged in and swam to our assistance. With some difficulty—I presently lost my consciousness—I was brought to land. But from that hour no mortal eye has looked upon her.

WERE THEY INNOCENT?

The case of Ryan and Oschwald at Newark is attracting as much attention abroad as it does at home. In reviewing it the New York Herald says: This case calls to mind the well known and remarkable case of the murder of the Italian organ grinder in Dublin some years ago. The boy was found dead in a vacant lot on the outskirts of the city with his throat cut. Where the body lay the branch of a young sapling had been freshly broken off. Acting on this clew the ever vigilant special detectives followed up the case, until they hunted down and arrested "on suspicion" a tinker named Cooney, a tippling "ne'er-do-weel," who was given to "bad company and night walking." On searching his room the branch of the sapling, fresh from where the boy's body lay, was found under his bed. The model detectives "worked up" the case beautifully and everything was prepared for the trial and conviction of the vagrant tinker. But the story as published in the papers met the eye of Sir Frederick Hodson, the deputy lieutenant of Ireland, then in Paris. He returned immediately to Dublin, appeared at the tinker's trial and proved an effectual *alibi*. On the night of the murder he had hired Cooney to attend to his horse, and had detained him during the very hours the deed must have been committed. Cooney was acquitted. The question then arose, by whom had the twig of the sapling been placed under the tinker's bed? Investigation followed, and soon John Delahanty, one of the very detectives who had run the tinker down, was placed under arrest as the real murderer. Link followed link in the chain of evidence, and at last Delahanty confessed the crime. The special detectives, of whom he was one enjoyed snug berths, but were threatened with disbanishment because they had nothing to do. In order to "make up a case" and prove the usefulness and necessity of the special force Delahanty first cut the poor Italian boy's throat and next displayed his own efficiency by tracking the murderer. He would have hung Cooney, if he could, as remorselessly as he took the life of the unfortunate boy. Delahanty was executed for the crime. We commended the case to the consideration of Gov. Bedle. The circumstantial evidence against Ryan and Oschwald was as well worked up as was the case against the Irish tinker.

THE TREATMENT OF INEBRIETY.

There is no specific for inebriety. It is a constitutional ailment, to be treated constitutionally. It is not necessarily due to alcoholism. Chlora and opium inebriety are already becoming dangerously common, and there are hundreds of other stimulants and narcotics to which resort may be had. The only remedial course is to place the inebriate where alcohol or the provoking cause of his ailment cannot be had; for the sigh of it, or the smell of it will excite all the desire for it. To this treatment, sedatives tonics and nutritious food to build up the system may be added. To persons having any tendency to inebriety, the only safe course is absolute abstinence during early life. As regards the human race, the disease finds its remedy in itself; for degeneracy in any direction cannot go on indefinitely; and after any qualities, good or bad, attain a certain stage of growth, they cease to reproduce themselves. The excessively feeble and nervous stocks must perish, and the fight for existence be maintained between the less feeble and less nervous and the well balanced and strong; and thus, by a process of successive eliminations a race may be developed that shall be every way adapted to the complex conditions of a high civilization.—*Scientific American.*

THE APPROPRIATIONS.

Ten of the regular appropriation bills were passed by congress, and show an excess over the total of the same bills at the last session of $2,398,398.94. The army bill and the river and harbor bill failed. The following summary gives the history in brief of the bills of the present session:

THE PENSION BILL.

Reported to the house	$28,533,500 00
Passed the house	28,533,500 00
Passed the senate	28,533,500 00
As it became a law	28,533,500 00
Law of last year	29,533,500 00
Reduction	1,000,000 00

THE POSTOFFICE BILL.

Reported to the house	$32,983,625 00
Passed the house	32,221,618 00
Passed the senate	34,999,500 00
As it became a law	33,267,290 00
Law of last year	34,585,701 00
Reduction	1,318,411 00

THE FORTIFICATION BILL.

Reported to the house	$250,000 00
Passed the house	250,000 00
Passed the senate	350,000 00
As it became a law	300,000 00
Law of last year	315,000 00
Reduction	15,000 00

THE CONSULAR AND DIPLOMATIC BILL.

Reported to the house	$1,137,085 00
Passed the house	1,137,085 00
Passed the senate	1,158,007 00
As it became a law	1,136,845 50
Law of last year	1,187,197 50
Reduction	50,350 00

THE LEGISLATIVE, EXECUTIVE AND JUDICIAL BILL.

Reported to the house	$14,206,857 50
Passed the house	14,523,935 50
Passed the senate	16,311,986 89
As it became a law	15,314,960 30
Law of last year	1,5373,960 00
Reduction	58,999 70

THE MILITARY ACADEMY BILL.

Reported to the house	$265,161 00
Passed the house	265,161 00
Passed the senate	299,505 00
As it became a law	286,604 00
Law of last year	280,065 00
Reduction	3,461 00

THE INDIAN BILL.

Reported to the house	$4,448,699 12
Passed the house	4,439,499 12
Passed the senate	5,154,935 69
As it became a law	4,751,499 12
Law of last year	4,572,762 01
Increase	178,735 11

THE DEFICIENCY BILL.

Reported to the house	$1,427,197 18
Passed the house	1,246,377 58
Passed the senate	3,315,054 42
As it became a law	2,398,956 53
Law of last year	2,908,177 09
Reduction	509 221 56

THE NAVAL BILL.

Reported to the house	$12,492,952 00
Passed the house	12,497,952 44
Passed the senate	17,049,952 40
As it became a law	13,549,952 40
Law of last year	12,742,155 40
Increase	808,797 00

THE SUNDRY CIVIL BILL.

Reported to the house	$14,048,505 46
Passed the house	15,446,807 35
Passed the senate	18,968,947 77
As it became a law	17,590,229 32
Law of last year	16,351,474 58

SUMMARY OF BILLS FOR 1877-8.

Pension bill	$28,533,500 00
Postoffice bill	33,276,390 00
Fortification bill	300 000 00
Consular and Diplomatic bill	1,136,847 30
Legislative and executive bill	15,314,960 00
Military academy bill	286,604 00
Indian bill	4,751,499 12
Deficiency bill	2,398,956 53
Naval bill	13,149,952 40
Sundry civil bill	16,590,229 32
Total of ten bills	$119,129,938 87
Total of same bills last year	116,735,042 93

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The prince of Wales has determined to visit Austria and New Zealand, but the date of the projected tour has not yet been decided.

In a discussion on the nature and contagion of typhoid fever, at a recent sitting of the Paris academy of sciences, M. Pasteur said that the disease would probably prove, like the silkworm disease, to be both highly contagious and infectious, yet not at all epidemic, in the ordinary sense.

Caffrone, the aromatic principle of coffee, may be isolated by distilling five or six pounds roasted coffee with water, agitating the aqueous distillate with ether, and afterward evaporating the ether. It is a brown oil, heavier than water, in which it is only slightly soluble. An almost imponderable quantity of this essential oil will suffice to aromatize a gallon of water.

A remarkable medical association has been formed in France, called the society of mutual autopsy. Its members, being convinced that the science of authropology can best be advanced by studying the brains and skulls of cultivated men of known antecedents, pledged themselves to bequeath their bodies after death for examination in the laboratory. When the autopsy is completed the body is to be disposed of in strict accordance with the written directions of the deceased.

Paleocrystic means "of ancient ice." The paleocrystic sea is the name given by arctic explorer Nares to the vast accumulation of ice which kept him from discovering any thing during his last expedition. Captain Nares, believing that this "sea" has been forming for years, dignifies it with a name derived from two Greek words signifying ancient and ice. Unfortunate for the learned explorer's bantling, the dictionary had all gone to press before he returned, and the word must take its chances.

There is only the one way into the world, but avenues leading out of it are innumerable. According to the report of the register-general of England for 1874 as to the cause of mortality in that country, bronchitis heads the list with 53,000 person, next come phthisic which answers for 49,000; atrophy and debility carried off 40,000, most young children. Heart disease, apoplexy and paralysis are increasing; cancer, too, is growing more fatal, but consumption appears to be on the decrease. There were twenty-five boys and men, nearly all following outdoor occupations, killed by lightning. There was a death from the bite of a fox, from the bite of a rat, from the scratch of a cat, from the bite of a leech, from the sting of a hornet, and two from the sting of a wasp. There were more persons killed by horse conveyances than by railways, the former being 1,313 and the latter 1,249; eighteen persons were executed and 11,592 committed suicide.

An English mechanic has contrived to make a steam engine to do its own stoking. A large sheet-iron hopper is set above the mouth of the furnace and in front of the boiler. This is the receptacle for coals. Below the hopper a steel crusher is made to run somewhat rapidly, and, as the coals fall by reason of their own gravity upon this grinding apparatus, they are reduced to the uniform size of cob nuts by the action of the crusher. Thence the equalized fuel drops upon a pair of iron disks, or fans inclosed in a box, and running in opposite directions at high velocity. The fans are, in fact, the furnace-feeders, for as the box has but one opening, and that leads to the fire, they literally blow the coals into the latter and distribute them equally over the whole surface of the fire-bars. The feed is regulated in quantities according to the heavy or light work the engine may be doing, by means of a single adjusting set-screw. This is the automaton stoker. The furnace fires are fed and steam is kept up in the boiler without the turning of a shovel, and all that the fireman has to do is to smoke his pipe and whistle, "Down in a Coal-mine."

CERULEAN VERDANCY.

Now that the public mind is occupied with the silly blue-glass mania, the following passage by Addison, from the Spectator of May 24, 1712, may be interesting. The physiology is, to say the least, as good as Gen. Pleasonton's, and the inference that nature is best adapted, as it is, to the general health of living creatures, is, we think, at once sensible and scientific: "There are writers of great distinction who have made it an argument for Providence that the whole earth is covered with green rather than any other color as being such a right mixture of light and shade that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them to ease the eye upon after too great on application to their coloring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colors that are more luminous overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green fall upon the eye in such a due proportion that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular color the epithet of cheerful."

We are not aware what the origin of the expressions "the blues" and "blue devils" may be, but they certainly are not suggestive of cheerful associations. We occasionally have to inform correspondents that in our editorial capacity we never prescribe, but we are tempted for once so far to depart from our rule as to suggest to hypochondriacs, who are always on the alert for new remedies, to try the effect of blue pill before investing in blue glass.—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE RICH.

The following is from an article by Dr. Holland, in Scribner for March:

True amusement is of two kinds, viz., active and passive. The active and weary man and woman—those who exhaust every day their vital energies in work—take naturally to passive amusement. A lady of our acquaintance, engaged daily in severe intellectual tasks, says that nothing rests her like seeing other people work. For this she goes to the theater, and the play upon her emotions there rests, and recreates her. Indeed, it is the emotional side of the nature, and not the active, which furnishes play to those who are weary with the use of their faculties. This fact covers the secret of the popular success of what is called emotional preaching. People who have been engaged all the week in exhausting labor of any kind do not take kindly to a high intellectual feast on Sunday. They want to be moved and played upon. This rests and interests them, while the profound discussion of great problems in life and religion wearies and bores them. They are not up to it. They are weary and jaded in that part of their nature which such a discussion engages. The emotions which have been blunted and suppressed by their pursuits are hungry. So every form of amusement that truly meets their wants must be emotive, and must leave them free to rest in those faculties which are weary.

On the other hand, the young, who are brimming with animal life, and who fail to exhaust it in study, call for active amusements, and they must have them. And here the parent is in danger of making a great mistake. Unless a boy is a milk-sop, he must do something or die. If he cannot do something in his home, or in the homes of his companions, he will do something elsewhere. It is only within a few years that parents have begun to be sensible upon this matter. The billiard-table, which a few years ago was only associated with dissipation, now has an honored place and the largest room in every rich man's house. The card table, that once was a synonym of wickedness, is a part of the rich man's furniture, which his children may use at will, in the pursuit of a harmless game. A good many manufactured sins have been dethroned from their fictitious life and eminence, and put to beneficent family service on behalf of the young. Athletic sports, such as skating, boating, shooting, ball playing, running and leaping, have sprung into great prominence within the past few years—amusements of just the character for working off the excessive vitality of young men, and developing their physical power. This is all well—a reform in the right direction. Much of this is done before the public eye, and in the presence of young women, which helps to restrain all tendencies to excesses and dissipation.

The activities of young women take another direction, and nothing seems to us more hopeful than the pursuits in which they engage. The rich young woman in these days, who does not marry, busies herself in tasteful and intellectual pursuits. The reading-club, the Shakspeare club, the drawing class, and kindred associations, employ her spare time; and now there is hardly a more busy person living than the rich woman who is through with her boarding-school. The poor, who suppose that the rich young woman leads an idle life, are very much mistaken. The habits of voluntary industry now adopted and practiced by the young women of America, in good circumstances, are most gratefully surprising. One of them who is not so busy during the winter that she really needs a recuperating summer, is an exception. Our old ideas of the lazy, fashionable girl must be set aside. They are all at work at something. It may not bring them money, but it brings what is much better to them—the content that comes of an earnest and fruitful pursuit. It may take the form of amusement, but it results in a training for self-helpfulness and industry.

So, while not much can be done for the adult in this matter of amusement, much is done for the young, and much that will help to give us a generation of older men and women, who will not be content with the poor business of killing time. For it must be remembered that while the young women "assist" at the athletic games of the young men, the young men are indispensable to the intellectual associations of the young women. They meet together, and stimulate and help each other; and it does not seem possible that either party should ever subside into those time-killers who haunt the clubs established for men, or those jaded women who drag themselves around to dinners and lunches and thronged assemblies.

BETTER THAN GROG.

A correspondent of the London Lancet, who owns water power mills, writes: I am frequently compelled, at this season of the year, to have men working in water even in frosty weather. I find the following allowance gives great satisfaction to the men, and we never have a case of cold or injury to the men in any way: Kettle of coffee, made with half sweet milk, half water, three or four eggs whipped poured into it when off the boil; hot toasted bread with plenty of butter of the finest quality. Serve up this every two and a half hours. The expense is much less than the usual allowance of whisky, and the men work far better, and if care is taken to have the coffee, milk (cream is still better), bread, and especially the butter, of the very finest quality, the men are delighted with it. I am persuaded it would be worth while to try this allowance instead of grog. Giving extra grog gives the men a notion that it is good for them, and perpetuates the belief in stimulants among workingmen.

In California, horses and horned cattle are having their comparative intellizence discussed in the newspapers, the subject being given notoriety by observations made on the sufferings of stock on the Laramie plains during the deep snows this winter. Cattle were reported to be dying by thousands from starvation and exposure, and the sheep were not much better off. On the contrary, the horses were regarded as likely to get through the winter in safety. The reason of this is said to be that the horses have sense enough to paw away the snow with their feet, and thus 'get down to the 'bunch grass" beneath, which is sufficiently grown to give them feed. The cattle and sheep, however, stand in the snow and make no effort to help themselves.

ODD NOTES.

Those people who imagine that asking Mr. Moody to pray for them is all that is needed are standing on very thin ice.

The British museum must be a pleasant place for a man looking for a book. The books of that famous institution cover twelve miles of shelving.

The Cherokees have over eighty schools. A young pedagogue who went out there to teach school about a year ago incidentally mentions in a letter home that he flogged a youthful aboriginal the day before for giving a war whoop in the geography class, and that he is hourly expecting the lad's old man to call around with a scalping knife.

Old Mr. Bledsoe, although he is a very profane, wicked man, looks very youthful for his years. One of his neighbors remarked to Mrs. Bledsoe, the other day, "the old man is wearing well, isn't he?" "Oh yes," replied the old woman; "he's swearing well enough as it goes but considering the opportunities and practice he's had, he might put a little more polish into it."

The orchestra at a theater in China is composed as follows: Gongs, fiddles, glass trumpets, bamboo flutes, castinets and tambourines. When all these get started the music begins. On the stage men invariably play all the parts, including those of women, the absence of breeches and beard enabling them to do so with entire impunity.

They had a tough subject in the inquiry-room. Moody wrestled with him, and Sankey sang with him, but the man seemed to despair of forgiveness. Finally Moody asked him what heavy sin burdened his mind, and he confessed to having beat a newspaper publisher out of three years' subscription. The evangelist informed him that they did not profess to perform miracles, but if he would settle up his dues, with compound interest, and pay for three years more in advance, although they could not open the doors of the church to him, perhaps he might be sneaked in under the canvas.

Moncure D. Conway tells the following story of an irate British judge: "The courtroom of Mr. Justice B. was the scene of rather an alarming outburst of feeling on the part of the judge. The case came before him presenting a combination of every kind of villainy in the defendant, and as the clear evidence came out the judge grew red and white, and was fairly boiling when the time came to charge the jury. Gentlemen of the jury,' said the judge, 'it is a perfectly clear case, and a most nefarious one. The defendant has unquestionably robbed the plaintiff, and has basely betrayed his daughter and abandoned her in a foreign land. I—I only wish it had been my daughter.' The lawyers gasped as this thunder rolled, and beheld the irate judge shaking his fist across the room at the cowering caitiff.

NOTHING LIKE IRON.

Recent deep-sea soundings have been made with piano wire, instead of hemp rope, and it has uniformly proved more manageable and in every way superior. Experiments with steel hawsers, to take the place of the immense hemp hawsers used on iron clads, give similar results in favor of steel. In recent experiments undertaken by the British admiralty, one hundred and eighty fathoms of eight-inch steel wire hawser were coiled on a reel, the outside measurement of which was five feet square. A twenty-five inch hemp hawser, one hundred and twenty fathoms long, was coiled in a tier forty-two feet long and fourteen feet wide. Twelve men handled the eight-inch steel hawser without difficulty, and two of their number took two turns with it around a gun post one foot in diameter, without injury to the wire. Forty-eight men were required to handle the twenty-five inch hawser, and even that number could not range it along the ground without the use of trucks, and they could only take one turn with this hawser around a post a foot and a half in diameter. The steel hawser, besides its other advantages, weighs only one-third as much as the hemp hawser of equal strength.—*Philadelphia Le*

BURGLAR'S TOOLS.

Who furnishes the tools for bulgars? Any mechanic who has seen a complete kit, such as were on exhibition in a safe establishment at Cincinnati about a year ago, and which had been used in an attempt to rob a bank at Covington, has seen a complement of ingenious tools such as only accomplished mechanics could design or manufacture. Of these referred to, quite a number were for purposes that a novice would be puzzled to know to what use they could possibly be put, until made plain, when he would be greatly amazed at their adaption to the end in view. An English journal, copying from a New York paper, says there are large manufactories of such implements in New York, Philadelphia, and a number of places throughout the west. No one establishment it is said makes the set complete, but that part is made at one place and part at another. That people who want such tools can get them themselves there can be no doubt, but that there are regular manufactories for such things we very much doubt.—*American Manufacturer.*